

# Thrane's Emergency Call

By A. Maria Crawford

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The telephone bell rang insistently and Dr. Marshall Thrane threw down a book on abdominal surgery and turned indifferently to the instrument.

"Yes, this is Dr. Thrane. Automobile accident? Call Dr. Gates. I am very busy."

Thrane loved his profession and the he about being busy was his first act of disloyalty. Although a young man of thirty, he was considered the leading surgeon, certainly the most successful one, in the city.

On this particular evening he was not disposed to help humanity, for the world had gone wrong and the bitterness of his first sorrow had made him morose and sullen. His engagement to the beautiful Eileen Hunt, three months before, had made him supremely happy. She seemed possessed of the tact and democratic attitude toward the masses that go to make a successful and helpful wife for a professional man. The quarrel had occurred two days before, yet he was still ignorant of the cause.

They had gone to the country club for dinner and he had thought to himself at the table that the girl had been blessed with every feminine attraction of beauty and charm. And now within two months of their wedding day, they had quarreled. Over what? Dr. Thrane closed his eyes and for the hundredth time tried to recall the exact conversation.

They had been discussing love. The topic was natural, for there had been a full moon shining on the river before the clubhouse and the soft strains of the waltz from Salome had reached them from the ballroom.

What was it he had said? Something about the moon making a man do foolish things, he remembered. Then she had grown strangely quiet and when he tried to penetrate her silence and learn the cause, she had told him that probably he had been foolish when he proposed to her; it was moonlight then, she reminded him coolly. All his protestations to



"For Me—Now!"

the contrary proved vain and useless. He had made the remark because he believed it to be a true statement and she had fortunately been clever enough and quick enough to see that he hoped it would be taken as a personal intimation of his attitude toward her. Argument was plainly useless and in a great and overwhelming silence they motored home at high speed, ignoring the beauty of the night and the voiceless things that breathed of love through the fragrant darkness.

Two days had passed slowly. He was too proud to make advances when he had been innocent of her charge against him. He had proven his love in every known way and he concluded that she was evidently grasping at any petty reason as an excuse for breaking her engagement to him.

Again the telephone rang sharply and Dr. Thrane answered.

"Yes, this is Dr. Thrane. Who wants me? The people hurt in the automobile accident? Who are they? I will be there in five minutes."

Somebody at the Hunts had been hurt. He summoned his sleepy chauffeur and was soon on the way, a fear growing in his heart that it might be Eileen. How would she receive him? Would she speak? A dozen questions presented themselves as he hurried on to his patient. It was more than probable that her brother Bob had been injured.

He hurried up the steps and found Mr. Hunt holding open the door. His worst fears were confirmed when the older man said, "Come in, Marshall. Eileen was thrown from a car. She fainted, but I think they have brought her around."

"Eileen wanted us to send for Dr. Gates, but of course we didn't want to take any chances, for we didn't know how badly she might be hurt, so I had them telephone for you, Marshall."

"This is no time for personal feeling," said the young surgeon sternly, his heart aching at sight of the girl's white face and twitching hands. "Some hot water, please."

"My ankle is hurt, Marshall," said the girl.

"All right, I'll make you comfortable in a few minutes," he assured

The Misses Barnwell, of Statoburg,

as he dropped a tablet into a tiny glass of hot water. "Close your eyes, be ordered as he sat down beside her and pushed back the sleeve from her round, white arm.

"I will stay with her for a while, Mrs. Hunt. Go and get some rest," he told her mother when he had bound up the girl's sprained ankle and made her forget her pain.

While Eileen slept Thrane idly picked up a magazine on a table near him. It fell open where a telegram had been thrust in. The words on the yellow slip seemed to leap into the mind of the man against his will. It was addressed to Eileen Hunt. "Expect to sail for Japan the first. Can you go with me? Wire at once. Tom."

Thrane looked at the girl, then back again at the telltale slip of paper. She had precipitated their quarrel because it was necessary to find some excuse for breaking her engagement to him. Who was Tom?

At the same time that Eileen wakened, her mother came in, thanking Thrane profusely for allowing her a few hours of sleep. The young surgeon was merely professionally courteous when he declared that it was nothing more than he should have done under the circumstances. He hoped that his patient would rest well and he would look in on her some time during the day, he said, and picking up his bag, without a word to the girl, left the room.

His quiet acceptance of changed conditions hurt the girl's pride. She had had a sufficient amount of time in which to regret her folly and she was ready for Thrane to pave a pleasant way for her confession, but the young surgeon came and went daily, coolly, impersonally professional.

It was late Sunday afternoon when Thrane came in to see Eileen. It had been a strenuous day for him and he dropped into a chair and sat silent, unmindful of the efforts of callers to interest him in the general conversation. In a short time he rose to go and Eileen beckoned to him.

"I want you to wait until these people go, please. I have something for you. It is your birthday, you know."

"All right," he said, "provided you won't open up the wound. It's too fresh a hurt and always will be for that matter to bear any unnecessary probing."

She knew then that his apparent indifference was a mask to hide his love and hurt pride, and her heart sank in her body for sheer joy.

"I promise," she answered lightly, "not to hurt."

When they were alone, he moved his chair so that he could watch her face in the light from the west window. She was going to tell him about Tom and her trip to Japan, he reflected, and braced himself for the ordeal.

"I had this made for you, Marshall," she said, and slipped a velvet case toward him along the arm of her invalid chair.

He opened it and there was a locket set with diamonds.

"For me—now?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, open it," she commanded.

He pressed the spring and her own face smiled up at him.

"Is this rosemary—for remembrance?"

"Oh, Marshall, can't you understand? Don't you see?" cried the girl seeing the shadow on his face.

He looked up then and stumbled toward her blindly. "What does it mean?" he urged. "I've suffered enough, Eileen."

Her arms went round him at sight of his pain. "It means that I—that I can't give you up."

"But what about Tom and Japan?" he questioned, afraid of his new happiness.

"How did you know about that?"

"I read the telegram the night you were hurt. I opened a magazine and the words on the blank just flashed up at me. I didn't mean to read."

"Tom was my chum at college. She was named for her father."

"How I have hated the poor innocent!" laughed the man all weariness of the flesh dissipated by his changed spirit.

"This week has been terrible, Marshall. I wanted to die."

"When anybody wants to die, sweetheart," said Thrane happily, "it is better not to put in an emergency call for me."

Finding a Home. For every life a cat has there seems a way to find the animal a good home. One of the ways was sprung on a policeman who patrolled Ninety-seventh street the other morning at daybreak. In a basement area he noticed a tightly sealed willow basket bobbing up and down, apparently of its own volition in front of a basement door.

"Baby," grunted the policeman, although even he could not see how a baby small enough to go into the basket could cause such violent commotion. Cautiously he raised the corner of the lid and saw not a baby, but a cat. Accompanying the cat was a note.

"Please give Ethelbert a good home. He is a fine mouser. We are leaving town and cannot take him."

## FLORENCE GETS STATION.

LAND FOR CLEMSON EXPERIMENT STATION PURCHASED AT FLORENCE.

Tract in Class of \$200 an Acre and Station is Expected to Develop Huge Proportions—Board Closes Deal Friday.

Florence, Jan. 12.—R. I. Manning, W. D. Evans, J. E. Wannamaker of the committee of Clemson college trustees to purchase land for a site for an agricultural experiment station in the Pee Dee section, were here this morning and closed a deal with the citizens of Florence for a site.

The land bought is owned by Mack Gregg and L. R. Ives, and lies on the northern edge of the city on the public road to Darlington. It is between two railroads, the Seaboard and the Atlantic Coast Line, both of which have agreed to put a station on the place and sidetracks as needed for the development of the work.

The land is selected because of its being peculiarly fitted for the experimental work. It happens to be in high state of cultivation and is among the \$200 an acre class of land in this county.

Owing to the prospective falling off in the sale of fertilizer tags, it is not likely that much will be undertaken in the present year, but it is the expectation of the board to develop this station into one of the great agricultural stations of the country. Stock raising and dairy and all such work will be included, and the station will be for the education of the adult farmer.

Florence was selected in a most active competition, all counties in this section of the State being represented and all making great offers for the prize. Florence was selected on account of the central location and the accessibility and character of the soil.

The business people of the city are delighted with their success and think that it means a great deal for them.

## CHAMBER OF COMMERCE NOTES.

Commission Form of Government for Sumter Desired by Many Citizens.

The special committee on Commission Form of Government together with the Committee on Legislation met at the office of Mayor L. D. Jennings last evening and decided to immediately draft a bill to be at once submitted to the Legislature which bill will permit any city having over 5,000 people and not exceeding 20,000 people to petition for an election to ascertain if the qualified voters therein desire to adopt the commission form as provided in the bill.

The principal features of this bill as decided upon last night will be:

First: Any city over 5,000 and not over 20,000 may petition for a special election upon request of 25 per cent of the qualified voters.

Second: Provides for a mayor and two councilmen with a six year term of office. One to be elected, however, every two years. A method is provided whereby these officers are selected for the two four and six year terms immediately upon election.

Third: Provides for a salary of \$300 for the mayor and \$200 for the councilmen. In case of their absence from any regular meeting the sum of \$50 to be deducted from their salaries.

Fourth: Empowers the said council to employ a city manager at such salary as they shall deem advisable.

Fifth: The Mayor and councilmen constitute the board of commissioners and have all the powers usually delegated to those officers. The mayor becomes simply one of the council and has only equal powers with them. He has no veto power. These officers are elected by the city at large.

Sixth: Provides for the initiative, referendum and recall. Under the initiative should the council refuse to pass an ordinance demanded by the people, if 25 per cent of the qualified voters of the city sign a petition demanding the passage of such an ordinance; the Council must either pass the ordinance or submit the same to a vote of the people and if a majority thereof favor same, it becomes the law.

In the same manner should the council pass an ordinance opposed by the people of the city, the qualified voters by a petition signed by 25 per cent of same may demand that the act either be reconsidered and rejected or referral to the voters of the city.

The recall provides that if 33 1-3 per cent of the qualified voters of the city sign a petition to be submitted to the governor demanding the recall of any commissioner that an election must be had in the same manner as a regular election and if the said commissioner is defeated in such election by some other candidate, he is then recalled. It is provided that such recalls can be exercised only after one year has elapsed either from time of election or after any special election.

## FARMERS' UNION NEWS

Practical Thoughts for Practical Farmers.

(Conducted by E. W. Dabbs, President S. C. Farmers Union.)

### THINKS COTTON PRICES WILL SOAR.

E. W. Dabbs Looks for Results From Rock Hill Plan.

E. W. Dabbs of Sumter County, president of the South Carolina Farmers' Union, thinks that the bullish effect of the acreage reduction movement will soon be felt in the cotton markets of the world. Mr. Dabbs heartily indorses the Rock Hill plan for securing pledges for reduction on acreage.

Mr. Dabbs was in the city last night on his way home from a meeting of the Oconee County Farmers' Union at Walthalla yesterday. In spite of the almost impassable condition of the roads 40 or 50 Oconee farmers met the State president and listened very attentively for more than an hour to his exposition of union principles. After the public address the county union held its regular January session, presided over by Mr. Dabbs. Hearty indorsement of the Rock Hill plan to reduce acreage and the Sumter plan to reduce fertilizer and make payments in three installments—December 1, January 1 and February 1—were the leading features of the meeting.

President Ellison of the county union was instructed to name three suitable men to J. G. Anderson, for the Oconee committee to arrange to canvass the county.

Mr. Alexander of Westminster was elected a delegate to the meeting of the State union, which meets in the council chamber at the city hall in Columbia next Tuesday at 4 p. m.

Mr. Dabbs has sent assurances to Mr. Anderson that the Farmers' Union will back his plan to the fullest extent, as it has every other plan that looked to the improvement of conditions.

"The Sumter county union last week and now the Oconee union have indorsed it. There is no question as to the attitude of the State union meeting next week," Mr. Dabbs said. "Being thoroughly convinced that any plan short of a permanent and compact organization of farmers is temporary and means that such work will have to be done over every few years, I am anxious as to the effect any emergency campaign will have on the union. It must be used so as to strengthen the union cause, as well as bring about immediate relief, and to that end every loyal union man and every sincere well-wisher of the farmer's cause and the permanent prosperity of the country must and will work."

Mr. Dabbs is of the opinion that the cotton market will soon respond to the influence of the Rock Hill plan as a factor for higher prices.—Columbia State, Jan. 13.

### TWO FALSE ALARMS.

One Alarm Turned in from Box 33 and Other from Box 24—Chief Says Steps Must Be Taken to Have False Alarms Stopped.

From the Daily Item, Jan. 13. Twice last night fire alarms were turned in and twice the hose teams had their runs for nothing for both alarms turned out to be false ones. The first alarm came in from box 33, at the corner of Council and Bartlette streets, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, while the second came in at about 10:30 o'clock from box 24, at the corner of Calhoun and Washington streets.

When the wagons and firemen reached the boxes from which the fire alarms were turned in there was no one there to direct them to the fire, nor was there any sign of fire anywhere about. So the wagons were turned about and taken back to the fire department house. Both times the steamer turned out, but it was unnecessarily.

Chief Wilder in speaking of the fire this morning stated that at present there seemed no way to catch up with the persons who were sending in the false alarms, but if they were not stopped in short order that someone would probably get in trouble. He stated that at other places the keys to the boxes were sometimes left in the houses nearest to the boxes and that this plan might be used in Sumter. If this plan was not tried the boxes might be taken out altogether and all alarms sent in over the telephone.

The members of the fire department and a great many others who ran to the supposed fires had some unkind things to say last night about the person or persons who turned in the false alarm and it is probable that it would go pretty hard with the person when he is caught.

# GEORGE H. HURST,

## UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

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